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An Indian Story

Waukewa, the Indian lad, was hunting along the mountain side, when he chanced upon a young eagle with a broken and torn wing lying helpless at the base of a big cliff. The boy's first impulse was to drive one of his sharp arrows straight into its body, for the eagle is very far from being beloved by the Indian race As his eyes rested upon the bird, however, a sudden impulse to be merciful came to him, for the young eaglet was trembling with a great fear Waukewa stooped and looked long into the eyes of the wounded bird, his own full of pity. The trembling of the wounded thing stopped at once, and it made no movement to hurt the little lad, who passed his hand gently over its body to find how badly it was hurt

Waukewa arose, bearing the wounded eaglet in his strong young arms, and made his way slowly to his father's wigwam. The bird lay quite comfortably, never once offering to peck its rescuer with its sharp bill or clutch him with its sharp talons

With clear water Waukewa bathed the poor broken wing and afterward bound it up to mend, with soft strong bands of skin. He gathered soft grasses, made a nest and, putting it inside the lodge, laid the eagle carefully therein. Waukewa's mother nodded her head wisely in commendation, for she knew that some of her love for the helpless creatures of the wood had place in the character of her son.

Waukewa's father, coming home from the hunt, laughed and would have wrung the neck of the bird, but Waukewa shielded it and begged and pleaded so earnestly for its life that the warrior gave in at last.

"But mind you, little chicken heart," he said to the boy, "you may keep it till it gets well again; for the eagle is a thief and no friend to the Indians; when it is strong you must let it go, for I will not harbor a thief in the lodge." Waukewa promised readily enough that when the wing was healed he would carry the bird out into the open and let it fly away.

A whole moon passed away before the wing was fully mended and the eagle was able to fly. All this time Waukewa tended the bird, and fed it carefully every day, and the bird grew to love the boy, even as the boy loved the bird.

But at last came the time when the